UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WATCH-DOG. As she approached the bedside she started and almost utered a cry. The wounded man had turned upon his pil-low, and with his eyes wide open was steadfastly regarding her. His expression was cold and strange, yet not altogether without gentleness. With a low moan he without gentleness. With a low moan he moved his hand as if to extend it toward her, but, faint with the effort, he sank

back, sighing painfully.

Trembling with agitation, she drew near and gently arranged the pillow be-neath his head. As she did so, he turned

his eyes again upon her.
"The Doctor thought I was insensible," he murmured; "but I—I was listening. Now that we are alone, accept my blessing and my thanks for your sweet charity."
"Hush! compose yourself," replied the girl. "Do not excite yourself, monsieur. Your life perhaps depends on perfect rest."

Without hesitation she placed her hand close to his lips and suffered him to touch it with them. She could feel his warm tears and her own began to flow again in

sympathy.
"Heaven bless you!" he said. "Yonder, beyond the Rhine, a maiden like yourself is waiting and watching for her brother-

a pretty maiden, with sunny golden hair—
like yours, fraulein."

"Do not weep," said Blanche; "soon you
will be well, and then—you will return to

her, monsieur."
His eyes closed and his head fell back upon the pillow, muttering and murmur-ing to himself in his own tongue. Blanche saw that he was in much pain. Obeying the Doctor's instructions, she carefully sponged the wounded arm, and very soon the young officer fell into a tranquil sleep.

Meantime there was much excitement and grumbling down below. Houzel stood in the porch, leaning on his gun, and sur-rounded by his dogs, interviewing Hubert and the other servants. There was but one opinion—that this entertainment of

one of the enemy was an ugly and an un-ncky business.

"There is but one way to serve such canaille!" cried Hubert. "He should have "Old en canaille!" cried Hubert. "He shoul been knocked on the head at once."

They should have left me to take care of him!" growled the keeper. "I know He started and changed color; for his

young mistress stood on the threshold, pale and indignant. "Silence, Houzel!" she cried. "If my

father were here he would do as I have done. Hubert, go to the kitchen—go, all Muttering amony themselves, the ser-vants retired. Houzel kept his position, leaning against the porch, and looking

black as thunder.

As for you, Houzel, you should know better. You are better educated, and

should have more compassion." "I have no compassion for him!" re-turned the keeper. "He has no right to

And shouldering his fowling-piece, he made a movement to leave the place, then, turning suddenly and encountering the eyes of his young mistress, he added, regretfully:
Forgive me, mademoiselle. I know I

have made you angry. But I shall be close at hand in case you need protection. And lifting his hat, the keeper moved from the door, followed by his dogs: The night was an exciting one to

Blanche. She scarcely closed her eyes. Next morning Dr. Huet looked in, full

illows, wide-awake, and submitted quiety and without a murmur while the Doctor made his examination.
"Come, it is not so bad as I thought,"

"I suppose I must consider myself s isoner," proceeded the German.

prisoner," proceeded the German.
"Certainly; and that reminds me—the commanding officer of the distact insists on removing you under guard unless you give your parole not to attempt to escape or to communicate with the enemy. Just so," returned the German, wear-

ily. "You have my parole."

Blanche followed the Doctor to the door. Your generosity was a little over the mark," he said, answering the question on her face. "That fellow will be on his legs in a day or two, and then you will be rid

of him, I hope."

The Doctor's prediction turned out perfectly correct. Within three days the German rose from his bed and descended the stairs. He looked pale and worn, and carried his left arm in a sling, but otherwise a handsome fellow.

Standing bureheaded at the porch, he quietly smoked his pipe and surveyed the even if his countrymen came to take him country prospect around him. As he did sway." so he became conscious of a powerful figure seated some fifty yards from the chateau, leaning on a fowling-piece and regarding him intently. Descending the steps, the German was approaching him, when Houzel (for it was be) sprang to his feet and waved him back with an angry

"What is the metter, my friend?" asked the officer, quietly, in the French tongue. Houzel's only reply was a scowl of savage dislike; but when the other made a fresh movement toward him the keeper again ordered him back.

'I see," he muttered in German. "I am s prisoner, after all, and this surly dog is

my Cerberus. Turning somewhat feebly toward the chateau, he came face to face with Blanche, who was descending the terrace. He saluted her with deep respect. She bowed to him nervously and was passing

by, when his voice arrested her.
"Do not think me impertinent, fraulein; but may I speak to you? If so, I should

like to thank you for the great service you "Do not speak of it, monsieur," she re-

plied. "I have only done what my father would have done had he been here." "Yes; he is with the army."
"May God bring him back to you safe-

men to have so good and beautiful a daughter. He glanced round as he spoke and met

the eyes of Houzel, who had reseated himself and was straining his ears to catch the words of the conversation.

"I am under guard, I perceive," said the
German, with a quiet smile. "May I ask, that gentleman a soldier? By his

"That is only Houzel," interrupted lanche. "He is my father's forester; Blanche. and if he is guarding any one it is my-

"Indeed! But that I fear to give you offense, I should say that Herr Houzel is

not very amiable. "He is faithful," replied Blanche, gen-

A good dog's virtue," said the German, thrugging his shoulders. "But I do not wonder that he is faithful to you." Houzel, who heard every word, shook tike a leaf, but made no other sign.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORESTER. In the edge of the woois of Grandpre, not far fromthe spot where Blanche de Gavrolles had first encountered the German officer, stood a one-storied cottage, looking seaward toward the cliffs. In

summer time wild roses and creepers covered the porch and overhung the windows, but in late autumn the place looked desolate enough. The furniture within was rude and simple, the floors of coarse deal, but in the recesses were large presses or wardrobes of old oak which had been there from time immemorial. In this cottage had dwelt the Houzels, fathers and sons, for several generations, but now the young keeper was its only tenant.

Houzel regarded his office with abundant pride and guarded the preserves as tenderly as if they were treasures of gold. When he did catch a trespasser after game he was sensible enough to take the law into his own hands instead of dragging the offender before the Chevalier, who would have dismissed him with a slight rebuke: so what the bad characters of the neighborhood had to dread was not the law and a prison, but a severe thrashing from the forester and keeper, of whom, indeed, they were thoroughly afraid.

The night after the meeting between Blanche and the German, Houzel watched the chateau till he found that every one had retired to rest and then, with a face as black as thunder, strode down to the cottage. Entering, he threw aside his gun and sat down by the fire, where the old man, his assistant, was already sit-ting, cleaning a rusty fowling-piece.
"Well, master, what news?" asked the old man, after a long silence. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

as if you had seen a ghost."
"I have seen the German," returned Houzel, with an imprecation. "He is still there at the chateau; and, look you, Mademoisele Blanche treats him as if he

were one of ourselves—a Frenchman!" "Ah! that is bad, very bad!" "Bad-it is infamous! I have a mind,

some of these days, to serve him as he served mademoiselle's hound—to put a bullet through his heart? What think you he said in my hearing, Andreas! That mine was a dog's vocation. Well, he shall find that the dog can bite. "These Germans are the devil, master."

said Andreas, servilely. "They are eat-ing us up alive—locusts. And as soon as one is slain there comes a thousand; and every day it is growing worse.'

Instead of replying Hauzel rose and began pacing to and fro the glowing cham-

No word from the Chevalier?" asked Andreas presently. Honzel shook his head gloomily, while

the other added: "If he has fallen, master, Mile. Blanche will be an orphan. That will be bad, very

"Yes, you are right. She has only her father."
"Let me see," muttered Andreas, glanc"Let me see," he spoke. "How

ing slyly at the other as he spoke. old is my young lady?"
"She is eighteen in January. The fifth
is her fete day. Yes, nearly eighteen

"Old enough to marry, master," suggested Andreas.
"You are a fool!" said the young man in a tone so savage that the old man almost started from his seat. "Who talks of mar-rying? Mlle. Blanche is a child. Per-

haps she will never marry.
"Yet, as you say, should anything happen to the old Chevalier she will be alone." "Bad, very bad!" murmured Andreas, in his pet phrase. "She will have no one

to protect her."
"She will have me!" returned Houzel. in the former savage way. "No harm will come to her while I am near."

"Perfectly; out that is different."

You mean that I am not her equal?" demanded the young man; adding, while the other coughed apologetically, "Well, you are right; I am her father's servant and hers. For the rest, she has no equal in the world."

The conversation ended, and a sullen silence followed, which was not broken till the old man rose, bade Houzel "good-night," and shuffled off to bed. Houzel remained seated by the fire, staring gloomily into the burning wood. The fiame fell upon him, suffusing his sunburnt face and neck with a deeper red.

"The German was right," he mut-tered. "It is a dog's service, after all. What am I better than her hound, that would run after her, obey her bidding, and lick her hand? Well, that alone would content me; I ask no more. Yet when she The wounded man sat propped up with speaks to him, our enemy, she is changed; ner face is times- Pshaw! I am a fool for my pains. I at least am a Frenchman; he, one of the accursed vermin who are desolating France.

When day broke Houzel was at his post watching the chateau. Before the sun was visible in the heavens Blanche came forth and found him leaning against a tree, his eyes upon the terrace.

smiled gently as he saluted her, and said: "Here again, Houzel! You are like my shadow, and wherever I turn I find

"Your pardon, mademoiselle," he replied. "I am watching the German pris-oner."

"Surely that does not concern you. Besides, he has given his parole."

"I do not trust him," was the gruff reply.

"You are a true Frenchman," she said, laughing. "You hate the poor gentleman simply because he is a stranger and a German.

"He finds his prison pleasant, mademoiselle," returned the keeper, significantly. I do not think he would care to leave it

Something in the tone, more than in the words, made Blanche flush angrily. She was about to reply when she saw the subject of their conversation approaching from the house. He saluted her respectfully, and then glanced curiously at Houzel. "Our friend is still on guard," he said. Must I ask his permission to wander a

few steps further from my cage?" The eyes of the two men met for a moment; then, while Houzel turned his head away and looked sullenly at vacancy, the German again addressed Blanche. "You are my jailer, fraulein," he said, smiling. "May I ask you how far my liberty extends?"

"You have given your word of honor, monsieur," she answered, "and surely that

is enough. I have told Houzel that you will not try to escape."
"On my honor, no," said the German, "I am well contented to remain

lightly. "I am we in so fair a prison. He walked slowly toward the avenue. Houzel seized his gun and made a move-ment as if to follow him and turn him back, but at a look from his mistress he refrained. Then, after a moment's hesi-letion, Blanche followed the German. who turned quickly on hearing her foot-

step behind him. Do not go far, monsieur," she said. "The woods are dangerous, and, perhaps-

"Perhaps I have reason to dread a stray shot from some over-zealous Frenchman Well, I will take care. But it is very good of you to take such interest in one who is, by the fate of war, your enemy; and 1 thank you with all my heart."

He paused, looking into her face with ill-concealed admiration. Never had the lady of Grandpre looked brighter and prettier. A soft rosy flush lay upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of gentle light.
"May I ask, monsieur"—

"Ask anything, fraulein," he broke in, gallantly, as she hesitated, "and be sure hat I will answer you." "It is your name that I would ask, mon-

sienr. "Heinrich von Hartmann. I am a captain in the Uhlan cavalry. I see you have heard of us Uhlans—we have a bad name here in France; and some of us, I grant

you, are ugly fellows. For example, he who shot your poor hound."

They walked slowly on, side by side. Glancing back over his shoulder, Hartmann saw the keeper slowly fo.lowing. gun in hand.

"The watch-dog follows," he said, laugh-How bright and manly he seemed with Science Monthly.

his clear, trank eyes and finely cut features. How different, Blanche thought. from the ferocious Teutons she had pic-

tured in her dreams. "I have been writing a letter this morning," he said, after some moments. "It is possible that I am returned among our list of dead, and if so there will be wet eyes in the little German town where I was born. Do you think, fraulein, that my letter could be sent across the lines?" "I cannot tell," answered Blanche; "I

will speak to Dr. Huet." And as she spoke she glanced up into his face again and saw, to her surprise, that his eyes were quite moist and dim. She remembered then his former words concerning the "little sister." waiting for him in Germany. And this was one of the ferocious Teutons whom she and her countrymen had been taught to hate.
"It is not for myself I care, fraulein,"

he continued, smiling gently upon her; "and, indeed. I have been very fortunate. But my mother and sister, poor souls, should not suffer unnecessarily. I should like to set their hearts at rest.

"Perhaps," said Blanche timidly, "the war will soon be over, and then——"
"The war is only beginning, fraulein, Our armies will not halt until Paris is taken. They are close upon the city even now. You see, it was a foregone conclusion from the first. Your Emperor was

blind or he might have known."
"It is dreadful!" cried the girl. "Why should your people and mine hate each other so much?" "They are like children," returned Hart-

mann, and do as they are taught. If men would only think for themselves there would be no more war. Bad rulers and bad teachers poison the air we breathe. And, after all, what is war? A game in which no one gains, but all suffer alike—the poor above all. It is a horrible business at hest "

How strange it seemed to Blanche! In much the same way, in almost the very words, her father had spoken to her again

At this moment Houzel strode up uneremoniously and addressed the German "Come back. You are wanted at the

chateau." Hartmann tarned, looking back. In front of Grandpre stood a file of soldiers and an officer. While he hesitated Houzel

cried, savagely:
"Come back! Are you listening? At

Hartmann's pale face flushed angrily. "You are not polite, my friend," he said.
"However, since they want me, I will re-

Saluting Blanche respectfully, Hart-mann moved as rapidly as his strength would permit him back to the chateau. Blanche followed, trembling violently. When they drew near, the soldiers stepped forward and surrounded the German, while a grizzled French officer, full of excitement and importance, stood and gave the word of command:

"Forward with your prisoner!" Behind the officer stood a Lieutenant, and, close by, Huet, the doctor. Hart-mann saluted in military fashion and stood waiting to be questioned. Your name?"

"Heinrich von Hartmann, Captain of the Nineteenth Uhlans.
"You were wounded and taken prisoner several days ago while reconnoitring near

this place?" Hartmann bowed. "How are we to know that you are not one of the enemy's spies? On your honor, have you held any communication

since your capture?" None. I have only just risen from my bed, and, as you see, I am still an invalid."
"Very well," said the officer, with a
scowl; "you will have to accompan) us to Fecamp.

"On foot, monsieur?" "On foot! The devil! You look strong enough. Yes, on foot. Do you want a Here Blanche interfered, and pleaded

so well with the officer, who knew and treated her with great respect, that he con-sented to let the German remain at Grandpre for another twenty-four hours; after which, if he was still too weak to march to Fecamp, he should be taken thither in some kind of a conveyance. Perhaps the officer would not have consented quite so readily had Dr. Huet not been present; but a few words from the Doctor convinced him that to remove Hartmann summarily would be an act of great brutality.

The soldiers departed, accompanied by

Dr. Huet, and once more Hartmann and Blanche were left together.

"I have once more" to thank you," said the German. "Really, you seem to be my good angel." "Please do not speak of it," replied

Blanche, drooping her eyes before the ar-dent look of gratitude which he bent upon her face. "You are welcome here until you are strong enough to go away."

Before she knew what he was doing, he

stooped and kissed her hand—so respect-fully, and yet so ardently, that she blushed red as crimson. Then, as she turned her face away, she became conscious of the presence of Houzel, the keeper.
His eyes were averted, but his face was flushed and burning, and the great black

veins stood out upon his temples, while his hands spasmodically gripped his gun. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A School for the Insane. The pupils range in age from fourteen to seventy-seven. Preference, however, is given to the younger ones who desire to attend, more than half being under forty, nearly one-third under thirty, and about one-eighth under twenty years of age. They suffer from the various forms of mental trouble, but here again preference is given to those who have melancholia and the more acute forms of insanity. Chronic cases are not excluded, however, and among those who can receive no benefit save the two hours' daily relief from the monotony of asylum life are two Virgin Marys, one queen of the world, one daughter of ex-President Cleveland who is nearly seventy years of age, two who imagine that they have passed from the scenes of earth and dwell among the dead, and one who has the curious delusion that people are constantly walking upon her fingers. As curable cases, and those most likely to recover, are the ones who geneally attend the school, the direct curative influences can not be accurately estimated; but, as might be expected, the most encouraging results are met with in the young and in those whose insanity has been of comparatively short duration. I can recall two cases where the patient could not read or write before becoming insane, but became fairly proficient in both before returning home. Three others also occur to me who appeared to be in the depths of dementia, but were, after several days of patient trial made to feel an interest in a "puzzle map," and each went on uninterruptedly to recovery and home. Another patient is the terror of the ward, in which she stays until ten o'clock in the morning, when she goes quictly to school and remains for two hours one of the most in-

terested of them all. After leaving the

school she again becomes ugly and irri-

table, and it is only the fear of being

kept away from it that makes her at all

controllable. Surely these scattered in-

stances show results sufficient to justify

the efforts made; but I am sure that,

even where the results are not so marked

the school is at least an important ad-

junct to employment, games, out-of-door

exercise, and amusements .- Popular

EQUINE PATIENTS.

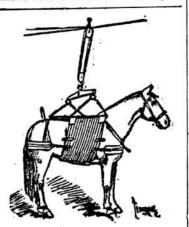
AMBULANCE AND HOSPITAL FOR SICK HORSES IN NEW YORK.

Animals With Broken Legs or Other Ailments Picked Up and Cared For by Mr. Bergh's Society-Dental Treatment.

Time was when a horse prostrated on the street from sunstroke or exhaustion was either shot at once, or if the owner had a hope of saving the animal it was left to suffer in agony on the pavement. Now an ambulance is called for a sick or injured horse in about the same way that one would be summoned for a human being. The first policeman to arrive on the scene goes to the nearest telephone and calls up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He calls for a horse ambulance in a hurry. An electric button is pressed, the gong sounds in the ambulance house on East Twenty-second street, horses dash out of their stalls and take their places beneath the suspended harness, and in a few seconds the big red ambulance is rattling down the street to the relief of the disabled animal. If the horse is prostrated by the heat

and cannot walk to the stable, he is placed in the ambulance and carried there in the most approved fashion.

The method of inducing the horse to enter his coach is interesting. The am-bulance is built very low, and the rear end is hinged so that when open it forms a platform, over which the horse walks into the ambulance. If the animal is able to walk there is little difficulty in



A HORSE IN THE SLING.

inducing him to enter. When he is not able to walk, the platform, which occupies the bottom of the ambulance is pulled out until it rests upon the pavement, half a dozen men lift the horse upon the platform, where he is made comfortable with hay pillows beneath his head. Then ropes are run out from the windlass in the ambulance, and platform, horse and all are drawn into the vehicle. The horse is then driven to the hospital in West Twenty-fifth street and carefully deposited in a box stall well littered with clean straw. Veternarians then get to work on him, and his chances

of recovery are very good indeed. The horse ambulance service of this city is still peformed by what is still known as Mr. Bergh's Society, although Mr. John P. Haines is now the President. The ambulance house is nearly opposite the headquarters of the society, at Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue. There are two horse ambulances, one ambulance for dogs, cats and other small animals and a patrol wagon. All these are well housed, and quarters are provided for a dozen horses on the ground floor. Upstairs are kennels for dogs captured at dog fights or found injured

in the street and smaller cages for cats. The ambulances go out in charge of a driver and an officer of the society, both in uniform. The patrol wagon is a sort of traveling drug store. It carries appliances, medicines and surgical instruments ready for immediate use. Its province is that of first aid to the injured. An incident that happened recently will illustrate its usefulness. A truck horse was taken with what is commonly called "blind staggers." An old Irishman who was passing said he knew what to do, and pulling out a blunt knife was about to bleed the animal. Just at this moment the patrol wagon drove up. The officers prevented the suffering brute from being stabbed, and taking a sponge saturated with ammonia held it to the horse's nostrils. In an instant the horse recovered, much to the surprise of the bystanders.

A remarkable change in the character and in the treatment of the horses of this city has taken place in the last ten years. Where broken down, lame and crippled



GIVING A BALL. cars and trucks, only sound, active animals in the pink of condition are now to be found. The medical and surgical treatment has also shown astonishing developments. In old times it was considered impossible to save a horse with a broken bone, but with modern appliances it is an easy matter to treat a horse with a broken leg. He is suspended in a sling, so that the weight is taken off the injured leg. The bone is set, the limb is spliced, bandaged and cast in plaster. There are several big truck horses in town that have had bones broken and mended, and they do their work now as well as ever.

Injuries from falls are more frequent in winter when there is ice and snow on the pavements. Our pavements make hoot troubles

very common. In fact the "organs of locomotion," as the "vets" cals the legs and feet of horses, furnish a majority of the cases that reach the hospitals. The car tracks wrench horses' hoofs and the salting of the tracks in winter rots the hoof. Blockades like those on Broadway during the last few days are responsible for many injuries to horses. subway excavations have caused the deaths of many horses that were driven too near the openings, or in a jam of vehicles were pushed into a trench. In some cases the horse has been hoisted out and has recovered from the shock.

During the spring months lung dis

are most common. While the human race was suffering from the grip epidemic the horse population of this city had a mild influenza, very similar in many re-

spects to the grip. The horse hospitals were overcrowded with patients for the time and veterinary surgeons were busy. Occasionally cases of horses affected with contagious diseases are discovered. They are dispatched at once. On Tuesday a

case of glanders was found, and the horse, which belonged to an expressman, was killed within two hours of the time it was reported. Hot weather is the most trying for

horses, and the number of cases of sunstrokes, prostrations and exhaustion keeps the ambulance busy. The animals are picked up and taken either to their own stables or to the establishment of the City Veterinarian in West Twenty-fifth street. At the latter place horses picked up by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are treated. It is under the direction of Dr. S. K. Johnson, who is also veterinarian to the Board of Health. There are accommodations for about thirty horses. Box stalls are provided for some of the patients, and the other stalls are furnished with slings, which are used to lift a horse off his feet when an operation is to be performed, or to lighten the weight on his hoofs if they are affected. Several cases of surgical instruments for use on horses line the walls of one of the rooms of the establishment. Forceps of enormous size for extracting teeth, oddly shaped tools for operations on the hoofs and appliances for distending the jaws and otherwise annoying the brute for his ultimate

good are to be seen. When a horse is first placed in a sling there is apt to be trouble, unless the precaution is taken to hobble him. This is accomplished by clasping leather straps around his feet and chaining them together. The same appliance is employed to throw a horse, for there is no such thing as coaxing an equine to lie down. The horse at all times objects to surgical and medical treatment. When he is given a pill or a dose of liquid medicine his head is held high in air until he swallows in spite of himself. He is humanely treated, however, and after he has been in the hospital a few days he submits more readily to treatment.

There are a dozen private horse hospitals in town, where horses are boarded and doctored for a consideration. The



FILING THE TEETH.

city has no free hospital for horses, probably for the reason that it would be abused; but horses whose owners are too poor to pay for treatment are attended to at Dr. Johnston's place, and also on two days of the week at the hospital connected with the American Veterinary College in West Fifty-fourth street. At the latter establishment over three thousand horses were treated last year, with a mortality of less than one per cent. Operations are performed before a large class of students, and the college, by teaching the proper treatment of the horse, is doing noble work in behalf of man's best

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has a project on foct for the esiablishment of a home for abandoned animals of all kinds. Horses that are turned into the streets to die would be cared for, or, if they were beyond cure, they would be put out of their misery in the most merciful manner. Stray cats and dogs would also be sheltered, and, if necessary, the dog pound could also be incorporated with the home and its objetionable features done away with. The society proposes to build the home from private subscriptions enti rely, and no appropriation will be asked from the city.—New York Recorder.

Stonewall Jackson's Nerve.

Since the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue this story about the Confederate General has come to light: On one rainy day, while advancing on Bull Run. he started out to reconnoiter in person, and got caught on the wrong side of a bridge guarded by a field piece and some Federal artilleryman. When he discovered this Jackson did not hesitate a moment. Galloping up behind the men he shouted out to the officer in command: "Who directed you to put that gun on the road? Take it away and mount it in the woods on the hill yonder. I never saw such a piece of folly. Here in the open ground your men will be shot down from the brush on the other side." On he went as though in a terrible passion, berating the officer, who colored, saluted, apologized and hastily gave the order for removing the gun. Jackson, with his staff at his heels, galloped off to the left, as though to pass down the stream, made a sudden turn, thundered across the bridge and escaped. The befuddled officer in command of the gun had not gone far when he suspected something wrong, but he did not discover who the stranger was until next



They like water-



But not in small quantities with soap.

Curious Plants Common to Dry Places.

Few plants are more curious than certain species of the genus Geaster, or earth star, which are common in dry places throughout the greater part of North America, Europe and Asia.

Since the earth stars are leafless and destitute of the green coloring matter of foliage, they belong to the great group of fungi, which includes mushrooms. puff-ball, molds and innumerable microscopic sorts. All plants from which this coloring matter is absent depend for their nutriment upon a supply of organic material, and it is therefore a puzzle at the first sight to know how the sandloving earth stars can obtain such food in the localities they frequent.



THE EARTH STAR IN DRY WEATHER. What we see above ground, however, is not the whole of the plant, but only the fruit, which is developed from a mass of delicate subterranean fibers constituting the plant's vegetative apparatus. By carefully scraping away the earth at the base of a young Geaster these fine white threads may be discovered ramifyin all directions. We must assume that decaying pieces of roots from neighboring grass plants and shrubs, along with the remains of dead leaves and animal debris which become buried in the sand, supply all the food necessary.

The first sign of the fruit is an eggshaped nodule of compact hyphæ. In comparatively short time this enlarges to the size of a robin's egg, and then is developed a thick outer wall inclosing rather soft contents. In the process of ripening the pulpy interior becomes transformed into an immense number of exceedingly minute spores, each of which may give rise to a new plant like the



THE EARTH STAR IN WET WEATHER.

The essential difference between the earth stars and the true puff balls is in regard to the rind of the ripe fruit. In the puff balls this is comparatively thin, and consists of an outer and an inner layer, which remain permanently united. The rind of the earth stars comprises likewise an outer and an inner division, but the former, which is comparatively thick-splits into segments, and these ultimately separate from the delicate inner rind, exposing what looks

like a little puff ball. During a period of dryness the earth star is contracted into a ball (Fig. 1) and is blown about over the sand. As soon as the rains bring enough moisture for the germination of its spores, the plant becomes anchored by the expansion of its protecting arms. At the same time this exposes the thin-walled spore case and uncovers the mouth, so that every gust of wind will carry away hundreds of its tiny offspring. Some of these are now sure to find a resting place where there is food and moisture enough for them to thrive and grow into

Seeds Sixteen Centuries Old.

It has been claimed that the seeds taken from ancient Egyptian tombs are capable of growth, but proof of the claim is lacking. It has been demonstrated, however, that seeds of a great age are capable of development. Raspberries have been raised from seed taken from the stomach of a man who died during the time of the Emperor Hadrian, who reigned in the second century of our era. Think of it, a seed springing into new life after lying dormant sixteen centuries .- Times-Democrat.

OFFICIAL secrecy has no place in a popular government. In a despotic country, where the sovereign is the state, his majesty's counsel is necessarily reserved to himself and his cabinet. Under the rule of an aristocracy the purposes of the rulers are shrouded in darkness, and the blows of the Senate of Rome or the Council of Venice were accustomed to fall without warning. But, under a system founded upon the intelligence and choice of the whole people, it is monstrous, it is intolerable, that any act of any public servant should be kept from general knowledge and shielded from investigation. Especially is this the case when the state exercises its authority to take the life of any man, though the very humblest member of the community. The law of the State of New York, so far as it enjoins or allows the putting to death of criminals in secret, or in the presence only of a few witnesses pledged to secrecy, is capable of abuse, discordant with our institutions, violative of private rights, restrictive of a free press, and unworthy of this country and this age. It must be amended. The people must have light. They must know what the public servants are doing. They must know whether cruelty and torture are perpetrated. The four men who died at Sing Sing were executed by command of the sovereign people of the State of New York. And the people want to know in what manner it was done.

In a signed editorial in a New York newspaper the venerable but vagrant B. Peters Hutchinson tells of Chicago's glory, and declares that the town is still young. Thus does he heap coals of fire on the head of a city which dubbed him "Old Hutch."

The Redpath Lyceum Burcau is the oldest lecture agency in the country. It was established by the late James Red-path in 1869. With hardly a single exception it has made engagements for every lecturer of considerable note who has appeared in this country for twenty vears.

Chinch bugs have caused serious damage in many counties in the southeast and central portions of

SONG

When we have southward journeyed long To pluck the fruits of love and wealth, To pluck the fruits of rosy health, As comes the night we cease our song.

We sing not in the darksome wood. We sing not when, our paths athwart. The shadows creep, creep in our heart,.

And owl hoots chill the blood. When Pain is our abiding guest, When we have lost what we have bought,

When we're outworn by studious thought, We sing not, but we fain would rest. We sing not, when with passion filled; Thro' deepest channels soundless flow Pale Hate and ever-brooding Wos. While shallow brooks cannot be stilled

But Hope, when like a sun she throws Bright rainbows in our dewdrop hearts, Such radiance to our lives imparts, That song our willing lips o'erflows. -W. T. Dumas, in Atlanta Constitution

PITH AND POINT.

It is better to be right than to be left. -Dallas News.

Tired all round-The wagon wheel .-Baltimore American.

When the mice are away the cat will play. - Boston Transcript.

The girl of the period-The lady compositor. - Boston Transcript. The riding habit is not a bad habit if

it fits well .- Pittsburg Dispatch. Money which is "coming to you" does not always arrive .- Pittsburg Chron-

Jack Frost will call around promptly to settle the mosquitoes' bill .- Richma

Speaking about deformities, every po-

iceman has a club-hand.—Binghamton

Republican. A friend in need is a friend who generally strikes you for a quarter .-Texas Siftings.

The dishonest butcher is always willing to meat his customers half-weigh.-Texas Siftings. The hand-shaker is one of the biggest

trials that prominence encounters .-Washington Star. Many young hearts have been set on fire this summer by ternis matches .-

Binghamton Republican.

seedy .- Baltimore American. In the game of life the men strive to make points and the girls are all after the counts .- Elmira Gazette.

We have noticed that the boys who

are great to "cut up" are always invited

These are the days when the tramp,

and the pumpkin are both getting very

when there is a party .- Atchison Globe. The thermometer is a thing of which everybody has a low estimate when it takes a high stand .- Boston Transcript. A contemporary has the effrontery to ask: Is the horse race dying out? No,

but it's going fast .- Philadelphia Times. A sailor who can't swim is about as badly off as a soldier who can't run. We should always be prepared for emergencies .- Puck. Fortune's roads are like those in the

cut, we are sure to meet with-"Keep Off the Grass I"-Puck. "The shades of night are falling fast," sang Mr. Mitts as he went to pull down the blind and jerked it off the roller .-Binghamton Republican.

parks. If we would like to take a short

about how it lives as the other half knows, some great reforms would be speedily effected .- Puck. Properly speaking, it is in the fall of the year that good resolutions should be

If one-half of the world knew as much

made, as it is then that the leaves begin to turn. - Baltimore American. The difference between realism and idealism is just the difference between a girl's opinion of her lover and the young

"Do not put your light under a bushel;" but this does not mean that you shall spend all your life marching in a screaming torchlight procession .- Dallas Arabella-"Why is Miss Passes so

proud?" Isabella-"Well, there are two

hundred million engagement rings in the

world, and she has one of them."-The

man himself .- Somerville Journal.

Jewelers' Circular. "That little fellow deserves great credit to work as hard as he does to support his mother." "Perhaps he does, but then you can't very well give credit to a cash boy."-Baltimore Ameri-

Mother (horrified)-"What did you

let that young Snipkins kiss you for?" Daughter (meekly)-"For only two minutes, mamma, and then I told him it was time to stop."-Detroit Free A correspondent asks how he shall salute a lady if he chances to meet her on the street and does not have his hat

on. I don't know of anything he can

do except to tip his kneecap. -Buffalo

Express. Watts-"I don't approve of this idea of burying every eminent citizen with a brass band." Potts—"It would not be so bad, though, if they'd bury a brass band with each eminent citizen."-Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Bulner-"I should think it would be mortifying to Miss Ward to lose her temper so often." Mr. DeLoud-"I should think it would give her considerable satisfaction if she could lose it once and not recover it."-Lowell Citizen. Miss Sevenfigures-"Oh, Mr. Gilthunt,

this sudden proposal surprises me-I am embarrassed—" Mr. Gilthunt— "Embarrassed! Then I take it all back. I thought your fortune was as secure as the Bank of England."-Kate Field's Washington. A man who was preparing a series of recipes for a cook-book, engaged the services of a celebrated chef as critic and

reviser of his work. One day he submitted to the chef a recipe for lemon pic, which ended with the direction, Then sit on the stove and stir constantly. The chef twirled his thumbs and said: "It strikes me that's rather a useless direction, for if you sit on a stove you're bound to stir."-Argonaut. It happened once that a faithful Moslem married, but, when he saw his

wife, she proved to be very unprepossessing. Some days after the marriage his wife said to him: "My dove, as you have many relatives, I wish you would let me know before whom I may unveil." "My gaze'le," he replied, "if thou wilt only hide thy face from me, I care not to whom thou showest it."-Argonaut.

May-may I kiss your hand?"